

WAR-LIFE AT THE SOUTH.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., AS A MECCA OF REFUGEES.

INCIDENT. PATHETIC

DIFFICULTIES IN GETTING TO-GETHER A TROUSSEAU.

THE NEWS OF THE SURRENDER. Regarding

Jackson-Two Valuable Papers Roll of the 33d Virginia.

Frances M. Butler contributes to the New York Evening Post an article on "Life in the Confederacy," from which the following extracts are taken:

In the spring of 1862, on the last Sunday before the evacuation of Norfolk, Va., by the Confederate troops, a clergyman preached in Christ church, in that city, from the text taken from the words of Cornelius in the Acts of the Apostics-"Now, therefore, we are all here." Some friends of ours who were present on that occasion left Norfolk during the following and the next Sunday morning found them at Greensboro, N. C. When the church bells rang for morning service they obeyed the summons, and were no a little amused when the same reverend

gentleman appeared in the pulpit and announced the text: "Now, therefore, we are all here." But the climax was reached when on the following Sunday, the wanderers having in the mean time estabidentical clergyman serenely gave out his text: "Now, therefore, we are all here."

One of the ladies said that she was sure he recognized them this time, and that he laid a significant emphasis on the last word. I believe he was on some sort of missionary tour through the South, and that must have been his favorite dis-

Charlotte was at that time full of as the exiles from home were called. The Naval Ordnance-Works, with headquarters at the United States Mint, brought a good many men who had been attached to the Norfolk navy-yard. The Medical Purveyor's Department, with a laboratory in which indigenous roots, barks, and herbs were converted into medicines for the army, gave employment to a large number of both men and woen, and besides these there were many others who, being obliged to quit their homes for various causes, found in the quiet inland town a pleasant abiding-place. A considerable number of these found homes as boarders in the families of the kindly townspeople, who considered it "patriotic" to open their houses to the wanderers; every hotel and boarding-bouse was full, and others kept house or rooms as best they might. There being no market in the place, the country peo-ple sold their produce from house to house. Somehow, after awhile, many of these bucksters arrived at the conclusion that the calamities of war were alto gether due to the refugees, or, as they called them, "huffagees," and in many cases they refused to have dealings with the despised strangers at all. Considera-ble strategy would have to be employed to induce them to part with their stores to any who were not to "the manner bern," and articles of barter were much preferred to Confederate scrip. We had, however, one faithful friend in an old woman, who seldom failed to make us a weekly visit with eggs, butter, chickens, dried apples, etc., and who always, after emptying her "pokes," as she termed her bags or sacks, asked the same question in a plaintive voice: "You hain't heard nothin' about peace, has you?" Her two "darter's man" were away in Virginia with the army, and she wery infrequent news of them. I never

s Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune.'

How much of woman's life happiness is lost for lack of harmony. A hundred sweet melodious tones ruined by one little mote of discord. Women who ought to enjoy the perfect happiness of love and wifehood and mother hood are miscrable from one year's and to the other, because of some weakness or disease of the delicate organism of their sex.

These delicate complaint, which make a jangling dissonance of somany lives, are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They may be overcome and completely aradicated under judicious treatment.

There is no need of repugnant examinations. There is no need of resorting to any mauthorized medicament compounded by an unskilled, uneducated person. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the troubles of the feminine organism positively, completely and safely.

For nearly 30 years Dr. R. V. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hatel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N.Y. He is an eminent and expert specialist in this particular field of practice. Any woman may write to him with perfect confidence, and will receive, free of charge, sound, professional advice and surgestion for self treatment, by which 90 out of 100 cases of female complaint, even of the most obstinate kind, may be completely and permanently cured. Address him as above.

"While I was living at Engle Rock Botetourt Co., Va.," writes Mrs. G. A. Connor, of Alleghary Spring. Monteomery Co. Va. "a lady

while I was living at Eagle Rock, Botetourt Va.," writes Mrs. G. A. Connor, of Allega-Spring, Montgomery Co., Va., "a lady d came to use and said: 'My daughter, aged and has repeated hemorrhages at the nose, bee has Berer had the necessary indisposite of womanhood.' I advised her to get Dr. of Paverite Prescription. The lady pured one bottle and it cured her daughter, was well and happy when I left there."

constipation is the all-embracing cause ill-health. Dr. Pierre's Pleasant Peilets att. They never gripe.

reached us. We were safe enough, if enly we had not, all of us, so many dear ones in the conflict which raged on all ones in the conflict which raged on an sides of us. When the news of a general engagement came a hush seemed to fail on the tows; every one longed to hear, yet scarcely dared ask for the news. Those who had fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, or others in the strife were haunted by the dreadful thought—"While I am doing this or that he may "While I am doing this or that he may be-where?" We scarcely breathed until the slowly passing days brought tidings of the safety of those for whom we wept and prayed.

In the summer of 1863 we went to Vir ginia on a visit. On the train we became equainted with a beautiful young wo man travelling, as we ourselves were, accompanied by a colored nurse and a baby boy. The "mammies" first became acquainted comparing their nurselings to begulle the weary hours of the tedious journey, then requisite on southern rail-ways, and the mothers followed their lead. The young mother, not more than twenty years old, was going from her ome, in South Carolina, to Petersburg, 'a., on a visit to her husband, a colonel Va., on a visit to her husband, a coloner in the Confederate army, and to show him his year-old baby, whom he had never seen. Our ways diverged and we were parted, but we often thought of them and pictured the joyful reunion. Three weeks passed and we were on our way back to Charlotte, At a railroad junction a party of several persons came into the car, almost carrying an invalid lady, clad in the deepest mourning. As her eyes fell on our baby boy laughing in his nurse's arms she uttered a cry and sank, almost fainting, into the arms of her attendants. It was the young wife we had seen in all her hope and joy three short weeks before, but so wan, so changed! From her heartbroken mother we learned her sad story. On her arrival at Petersburg she found her husband had been sent on some expedition into country. His regiment returned without him; a sharpshooter's bullet had laid him low. Meantime the baby sickened, and in one brief week she was a childless widow! The blow laid her on a bed of sickness, her mother was summoned and was now conducting her to her home.

Early in the war weddings were plenty in the South. Every engaged man made his possible danger his strongest argument for marriage before he went to the front, but, as the dark clouds rolled more closely round, few were bold enough to enter into any new relations

SHE RELENTED. One young lady of our acquaintance engaged to a soldier, relented when he came home with an empty sleeve and a lame foot, and in the autumn of 1864 the lame foot, and in the autumn of 1891 the wedding day was set. But, a wedding without a trousseau? No indeed. True there was no shopping possible. Blockade-running was nearly a thing of the past, and the few vessels which succeeded in evading the coast-guard of Federal steamers brought only medi-cines and munitions of war. But the trousseau was accomplished. Two stuff dresses were turned, made over, and trimmed-both of them-one brown, one gray-in a most stylish manner, with the aid of an old brown silk umbrella! Two well-worn black silk dresses were made into one new one, a Richmond store furnished a black and white callco at \$15 a yard, which, trimmed with red braid and buttons, proved vastly becoming. A homespun cotton, from the North Carolina factories, made a neat morning dress, and a black silk Zou-ave jacket, made from the scraps of the before-mentioned dresses, with thirteen pieces in the sleeves, so neatly joined that it defied the closest inspection, was ornamented with gold braid, and con-sidered a chef d'oeuvre. Lastly, a lady about to "go through the lines" offered a very nice silk dress for the considera-tion of a half-worn travelling satchel. But, the bonnet! Bonnets were worn large, and where was a wedding bonnet to come from, when every hoard had been ransacked, and every shred of millinery utilized long ago Two old bon-net-frames were cut out and welded into net-frames were cut out and weided into the fashionable shape. The inner shuck of the corn ear, snowy white and almost as soft as silk, was braided into a soft even braid, about an inch in width. This braid was sewed smoothly down, Then a slightly gathered frill of exqui-site point d'applique lace, then another site point d'applique lace, then another braid, and another row of lace, until the whole was covered. A plece of pale pink silk, a relic of an ante-bellum party-dress, lined the brim. On one side nestled a cluster of white flowers, beauti-fully made from goose-feathers by one of the bridesmaids. A friend in a dis of the bridesmaids. A friend in a dis-tant city, hearing of this triumph of millinery, sent white ribbon for strings, and the wedding bonnet was complete. About the same time I saw an ingenious

young lady wearing a very pretty bon-net plaited by her own hands from wheat-straw, and trimmed with pine-shavings. They looked like fine, shaded satin ribbons. to return to the wedding. The important question of the bride's attire being settled, the collation remained to puzzle the housewives. As nearly as possible it must be like "old times!" Poultry, meats, bread, were all right, but the sweets! The coarsest brown sugar was all that could be obtained, and even that was very scarce. The idea of a bride-cake was reluctantly given up, but a splendid fruit cake was made with sorghum molasses, dried cherries, and huckleberries, and fig and peach conserves, in lieu of the usual fruits. Macaroons, composed of the kernels of black walnuts instead of almonds, were pronounced, if not exactly of the same flavor, at least as delicious. Ice-cream sweetened with brown sugar and flavored with peach kernels was the best that could be done in the way of ices. But the tables were as daintly, set with snowy demask, fine glass, and silver as of yore, and the flowers and grapes and pears were the same as in the "piping days of peace." Love presided at the feast, the difficulties over-come gave a sense of triumph to all con-cerned, and the wedding, in all ways, was

gloomy. Dark rumor fil'ed the air. General Lee was at Petersburg with a depleted and half-fed army. Retreat, defeat and disaster were rife in the Southwest. Just before Christmas one of the house-hold said: "Do you know that these poor children (aged three and five) have never children (aged three and five) have never seen a Christmas tree?" It was agreed to have one. Beeswax was melted and candle-wick in yard lengths dipped in it again and again, until enough adhered to make it suffice for tapers, and one hundred were thus prepared. A few sheets of tin, left from some former roof-mending, were taken to the tinner and made into dolls' cups and saucers and plates. A teapot and a cunning little water-bucket, in which was placed a tiny gourd (southern fashion), completed the set. A wooden cradie with perfect appointments held an elaborate rag doll, with painted linen face and real hair, confined in a blue silk net and gayly attired in the brightest colors. Two striped woollen balls, a pair of gay knitted yarn reins, plenty of sorghum candy, lots of red apples, and cookles in every conceivable shape made up a Christmas tree regard-

ed as wonderful and miraculous by all the children in the neighborhood, as well as by the two lucky little ones for whose especial benefit it was devised.

LAST CONFEDERATE FUN.

That was our last Confederate fun. Sherman marched through "to the sea," and every railroad train brought more "refugees" to Charlotte. Many came from Columbia, S. C., who had been driven from their homes on the coast in the early days of the war, and were now again homeless and in many cases almost destitute. Among these, three sisters, from a Sea Island plantation, born to wealth, and, before the war, living in luxury, came to Charlotte strangers and almost penniless, and subsisted in a barely-furnished bedroom for more than a week on scanty rations of bread and water. Their sad case was discovered by accident, or they would have perished. We had little to divide in those days, but the hard times, thank God, did not make the southern people seifish. Food was LAST CONFEDERATE FUN. the southern people selfish. Food was very scarce at that time; many of the country people utterly refused to accept Confederate money; fresh provisions could only be had in barter. In March, 1865, we bought a barrel of flour for \$1,100! Tea and coffee were not to be had

for love or money.

Then came the news of the surrender Then came the news of the surrender at Appoint tox. Charlotte being an inland town and far from the seat of war, we seldom saw soldiers except on the march. But when General Joseph E. Johnston came up to North Carolina in the last days of the Confederacy, many stragglers from his army made their appearance. One evening six or seven of these men, weary, wayworn, and depress-ed, asked at our door for food. A table was spread for them, and they are almost in slience. Presently a thought seemed to strike one of them. "See here," said to strike one of them. "See here," said he, his dull face lighting up and his eye brightening; "see here. There has been a sight of men killed in this here war, h'ain't they?" We admitted the sad fact. "There'll be a great lot of single women after this," he continued with great animation. "See here! I believe the time is coming which is mentioned in the Bible, when seven women will catch hold of one man's coat-tail a-begging to be called by his name." He seemed not at all offend-ed, but rather pleased, at our amusement, doubtless accepting it as a tribute to his power of expounding the Scriptures, and went his way in high good humor, mediwent his way in high good humor, medi-tating, no doubt, on the "good time com-ing." We could only suppose he referred to a passage in the book of the Prophet Malachi relating to the Jews.

MR. DAVIS AND HIS CABINET. Soon after the surrender of the army in Virginia Mr. Davis and his Cabinet came to Charlotte. It was a time of great excitement and suspense; no one could tell what was to happen next. There were no mails, no newspapers; business was paralyzed; there was no currency, everything and everybody was at a standstill. Even the "reliable gentleman" had heard so many conflicting rumors that for once he was silent. On Sunday morn-ing Mr. Davis attended service in the Episcopal church in the town. Trenholm, Mallory. Breckinridge, and others more known to fame were present. the services closed with the benediction, The peace of God, which passeth all understanding," etc., I think there were few hearts there not thrilled with the thought that that congregation would never more be gathered together until the

Monday morning dawned dark and cloudy, with a fine, drizzling rain. With sad hearts we watched the Confederate President passing out of the town, beginning that ride which ended in a prison. Mr. Davis and those members of his Cab-inet who were with him, together with other gentlemen, rode first; then came a few hundred cavalrymen-part of a Geor-

The military college in Charlotte was before the war in charge of General D. H. Hill, with an able corps of assistants. An old manuscript note-book belonging to one of these, an ex-Virginia Military Institute cadet, came by accident into my possession. It bore the name of the owner, afterward a gallant C. S. A. brigadier-general, and the date, 1852. Among algebra and geometry problems, "elegant extracts" in prose and poetry, acrostics, charades, and parodles, occurred, some original verses satirizing, in true school-boy fashion, the peculiarities in manner, speech, and appearance of the several professars of the Virginia Military Institute at that time, each his turn. Who so merciless a critic, with "eyes like needlepoints, seeking flaws," as a school-boy? And yet, although the preceding verses, describing each teacher in turn, all savor of ridicule, and de-cidedly argue a deficiency in the bump of reverence on the part of the writer, in the last stanza the tone changes. It serious and earnest, and, considered in the light of subsequent events, almost prophetic. It is inscribed to Major T. J. Jackson, and it is really remarkable that a mere youth, ten years before the war, should have penetrated the reserve of the silent and generally unpopular teach-er, and so truly have judged the character of the man. I give the lines verbat-

MAJOR T. J. JACKSON, ALIAS "HICK-ORY," ALIAS OLD JACK." Like some rough brute that roams the forest wild,

So rude, uncouth, so purely nature's child. Is "Hickory," and yet, methinks I see

The stamp of Genius on his brow, and he With his mild glance and keen but quiet Can draw forth from the secret recess

where they lie, Those thoughts and feelings of the human heart, Most virtuous, good, and free from guilty

There's something in his very mode of So accurate, steady, void of care and

strife.
That fills my heart with love for him who bears who bears

His honors meekly, and who wears

The laurels of a Hero! This is a fact—
So here's a heart and hand of mine for

"Jack."

Valuable Relies.

(Norfolk Pilot.)

Yesterday the Pilot representative called on Mr. W. F. Pumphrey and learned that he had just that morning unearthed two valuable historical relics of the

Confederacy.

The first and most valuable one is Order No. 5, by General J. E. Johnston to General Cooper, in regard to the battle

A Chill. A Shiver. A Sneeze.

the first signs of La Grippe or a Cold, are checked at once if "77" is taken early. It stops it in the incipient stage and that's the end of it.
"77" will "break up" a hard, obstinate Cold that "hangs on."

If the digestion is poor, alternate with

No. 10 for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.

Dr. Humphreys' Homoeopathic Manual of Diseases at your druggist's or mailed 25 cents, 50 cents, or \$1. Humphreys' Medicine Company, corner William and John streets. New York.

"No. 5. Hd. Qt., Centreville, Oct. 22, 1851.

"General Cooper, Richmond, Va.:
"Colonel Evans reports that he was engaged most of the day yesterday with twelve regiments and five batteries of the enemy near the Potomac. They had crossed under cover of artillery fire. He drove them back, with a heavy loss in killed, 200 prisoners, and six field pieces.

"He has four regiments and five guns
"J. E. JOHNSTON. This order is numbered in lead pencil, and is on a small sheet of pale blue paper, 5 1-4 by 6 1-2 inches in size. It is written in ink, and is in a perfect state

ROLL OF FIFTY-THIRD VIRGINIA The other document is the roll of the Fifty-third Virginia regiment, made at the time of the surrender. The back is

engrossed as follows:
"Roll of Fifty-third Virginia regiment, Steuart's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. N. Headquar-ters Steuart's Brigade, April 9, 1885. Respectfully forwarded, George H. Steuart,

The body of the document, which is folded sheet of ruled letter paper, 8 by 10 inches in size, is as follows:
"Roll of the Fifty-third Virginia Regiment, Steuart's Brigade, Pickett's Divi-

and equipment, haversack, blankets, and oil-cloth, bundle clothing. H. T. Coaiter, adjutant, horse and equipment, blankets, oil-cloth, two haver-sacks.

William Gibson Carter, surgeon, h

Henry Edmunds, captain Company F coat, blankets, and oil-cloth, two haver-sacks, horse, and equipment; servant. P. Leigh Ligen, first licutenant, Com-pany C; horse, two haversacks, oil-coth

A. B. Anoenon, first lieutenant, Company F; haversack and blankets. L. B. Walthal, second lieutenant, Company C; Act. A. D. C., horse and equipment, bundle clothing, haversack,

A. T. Farmer, second lleutenant, Com-pany F; valise, blanket, haversack. R. C. Shell, second lieutenant, Company G; haversack, bundle clothes. C. Bilharz, second lieutenant, (I; haversack, blankets, and oil-cloth Jown W. Tate, private, Company B. J. B. Aaron, private, Company B. W. M. Smith, private, Company B. A. J. Wells, private, Company B. C. D. Crowder, private, Company B. E. T. Clark, private, Company C. W. L. Clark, private, Company C.

S. Foulkes, private, CompanyC. H. Foulkes, private, Company C. H. Ritchie, private, Company C. J. Warren, private, Company J. B. Phillips, private, Company C. H. T. Phillips, private, Company C. J. P. Phillips, private, Company C. Benjamin Angle, private, Company C.

William E. Welborn, private, Compan

A. Scott, private, Company C. C. A. Wave, private, Company C. T. M. Ellett, private, Company C. John Bishop, private, Company D. Joseph Prush, private, Company A. D. Davis, private, Company E. R. D. Wright, private, Company John E. Henderson, sergeant, Com

Isham Amos, private, Company F. John Bush, private, Company F. John Brander, private, Company F. William R. Compton, private, pany F.

Dany F.

A. Cumbee, private; Company F.

T. J. Glascock, private, Company F.

Joseph T. Guill, private, Company F.

Hy. P. Guill, private, Company F.

Robert S. Guill, private, Company F. Robert S. Guill, private, John O. Hopkins, private, Company I Alexander Miller, private, Company I William B. Old. private, Company William H. Smith, private, Company Jonathan Sink, private, Company William L. Bennett, private, Company

Joseph H. Crank, private, Company I T. Jones, private, Company F.
A. Wills, orderly sergeant, Com

E. B. Thomas, corporal, Company G. J. A. C. Brooks, private, Company J. S. Curper, private, Company G. Isaac N. Drewry, private, Company G Joseph H. Hawks, private, Company G S. T. Mustain, private, Company G. William Grayham, private, Company G Thomas McCluer, private, Company G T. Neal, private, Company G. R. Smith, private, Company G.

R. T. Vaughan, private, Company John Kirkland, private, Company P. H. Thomas, private, Company E. D. Worsham, private, Company E. D. Worsham, private, Company G.
A. T. Lashile, private, Company H.
Charles Moser, private, Company H.
G. E. Coleman, corporal, Company I.
E. H. Bradshaw, private, Company I; acting brigadier, co commissary-sergeant

Robert Bradley, private, Company I. William Bradley, private, Company I Werrel, private, Company I. nn H. Meadows, private, Company John H. Meadows, private, Company I. Elijah Pruit, private, Company I. John W. Haven, private, Company I. Z. Parrons, private, Company I. E. W. Pierce, private, Company I. William R. Daniel, private, Company I. Samuel Wirtz, private, Company A. William Holt, private, Company A. George W. Nichols, private, Company

Stephen Hunt, private, Company A. William P. Bradshaw, sergeant-major. J. J. Ballow, quartermaster-sergeant, norse, and equipment. Henry Edmunds, captain commanding

A Scientific Game Code. (Norfolk Pilot.)
The State Game Association of Vir-

The State Game Association of virginia has labored more or less with our legislators to have a good system of game laws enacted, but so far with no general success. It is very true that the vigilance and diligence of the association have done much good in temporary provisions and certain details; but the game laws on the whole are a miserable laws, on the whole, are a miserable hodge-pedge, like our road-laws, with no consistency and little zense in them.

Yet such laws are the very ones which most need to be consistent and sensible, as they depend almost wholly upon their execution on the good will of the people and when the commonsense of the people is offended by them, or finds them ridiculous, they amount just to no law at all. Yet it would seem easy to learn all about the nidification of birds in the various sections of the State, and of where their flight and size make them fair game for the sportsman and the people generally. Surely, if the legislators of the counties do not possess this information, they can readily obtain it from their hunting constituents, or the laws, on the whole, are a miserabl from their hunting constituents, or the State Game Association can, and will, supply it very gladly. So of all other game that the law undertakes to pro-

The laws ought to be based strictly on this information, without regard to the wishes of mere pot-hunters and poachers who want no game laws at all; and, we trust the coming General Assembly will take the matter in hand seriously, and give us a permanent game-code, found in the science of nature, and that will not be subject to change every two years in every county of the State.

The Cohen Company is the only dry-goods store that gives trading stamps. Ask for them.

JECT OF OUR ABORIGINES.

BABY'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

Becoming a Great Man.

over the hills, and naught save the plaintive voice of the screech-owl broke the stillness of the evening air. The dark green of the fir-trees hall deepened into black, and earth mel Heaven in the dim horizon as darkness threw its man-

tle on the world. In a seciuded spot, beneath giant oaks, Coonskin Jack, the trapper, and Man-with-a-Frog-in-His-Throat, the faithful Indian guide, tethered their sturdy horses and prepared to sleep within the embrace of that awfu wilderness. But hark! what is that which stirs the rustling leaflets? Is it some lone catamount that seeks its prey, or the timid squirrel scampering to its noc turnal abode? Coonskin Jack grasps his trusty rifle, and Man-with-a-Frog-in-His-Throat stolcally and indifferently bites a 10-cent piece to ascertain its genuine ness. A shot rings out on the stilly ether. A dark, lithe form leaps through the air, and, with a piercing shrick, falls headlong to the yawning precipice below. Coonskin Jack then calmly takes his selfrepeating typewriter from his valise, and making a memo, of the proceedings, says: "More data for the newspaperboys in Frisco." "Never touched him," laconically replies Man-with-a-Frog-in-His-Throat, as he looks into his pocket dictionary to find the distinction between

the verbs "sit" and "set." That is the way I used to picture the sturdy westerner, and the swarthy aborigines in the days when J. Fenimore Cooper was my grandest author, but every day I am disillusioned. "Tis a sad thing to put away childish thoughts and to realize now, as we all must do, that the North American Indian no longer manicures his nails or laves his head in bay-rum, and that to him it is a matter of indifference whether patent-leather or tan shoes are worn at evening receptions.

Last week "Buffalo Bill's Wild Western Show," with its dust and dirt, and glass balls, and bucking ponies, made me feel the weight of centuries and snapped the last lingering thread that bound me to my childhood. It may have been the unsympathetic seats on which I sat, or perhaps it was the dirt I swallowed, but be that as it may, I could not be sentimental when the howling Comanches appeared and filled the air with the thunders of blank cartridges. That morning I had seen them in the parade as they rode abreast of street-cars and puffed cigar-ettes into the uplifted faces of the openmouthed populace. True, they were painted and bedaubed like female leaders of fashion, but it was the harmless gaudiness of the Easter egg, and no fear was within my soul. When the man at the show announced that the next feature of the programme would be a buffalo hunt by the aborigines, I experienced one last expiring thrill of excitement, which was soon destined to flicker out like a snuffed candle. Enter the buffaloes amid a flourish of trumpets "musik by de band." Also enter aborigines, riding with that mad en-thusiasm which characterizes the countryman when he mounts the wooden steeds of the merry-go-'round. And do those hairy, whiskered, and unshorn bisons, sniffing danger from afar, dash madly o'er the wide expanse of prairie. No, the hairy, whiskered bison do not dash madly o'er the wide expanse of prairie. They don't give a continental about the Indians, but assiduously seek to find four-leafed clover in the arena. On, on, on come the flying horsemen, and still the buffaloes don't give a continental. But by and by, when the foe are upon them, and the air resounds with blank cartridges, the big beasts trot off, reluctantly and leisurely, as if the whole thing were a beastly bore to them. A gallon of raw whiskey could not excite you when you look on this spectacle, and you are sorry you came. But are you really sorry you came, or is it a regret that you are no longer young? We may grow old gracefully, but try as we may, we cannot do so cheerfully. No more "Injuns" for me, except those stolid chaps in front of the cigar stores. There is great excitement in your household! Your wife is up-stairs and

down stairs. The neighbors are peep-ing out of the windows, and the cook,

with a smell of cabbage and grease upon her person, is hanging around the front door. Proudly the biue gauze veil flut-ters to the mellow breezes. The new baby is about to make his, her, or its first appearance in public. Snatched in the muscular arms of his, her, or its nurse, he she, or it is borne away from the nar-row apartments in which he, she, or it has blinked and ogled for full thirty days, to look upon that vast, illimitable world beyond. Maybe he, she, or it wants to see this great world, and maybe he, she, or it doesn't. There's no telling. Hitherto, the gelatinous, squshy mass of crimson stupidity has lain drowsily on many pillows and heard thousands of people ask: "Is it a boy?" or, "What a pity it's a girl?" or words to that effect. But to-day changes it all. The great world is before the hitherto latent flend, and from now, forth, and evermore, his, her, or its importance is multiplied a hundredfold. Nurse is full of self-consciousness, and carefully examines the baid-headed, pudcarefully examines the baid-headed, pud-ding-faced, shapeless brat and his, her, or its accourements. The long dress-forty times too long-is arranged; the lace-trimmed skuli-cap is adjusted, even as paper is adjusted on the wall; the crotcheted socks are placed on dimply feet, and the tiny, treacherous, idlotic citizen is harpooned on all sides with safety-pins, and then enshrouded in the vell. Through it all the much-adored sleeps; yea, slumbers with a deep and restful slumber that soon will be super-seded by a nocturnal wakefulness which even the bravest dread. The shifting, the shuffling, the chattering, and the excitement cut no figure with that silent, the snuming, the chattering, and the excitement cut no figure with that silent, slumbering mass, and amidst all the chaos, he, she, or it reposes with the sleep of the just. Perhaps, if jostled too much the awful, wayward little thing will snap at his, her, or its surroundings, and possibly chew the veil, but beyond that there is no sign of excitement. It makes no difference, so far as beyond that there is no sign of excitement. It maker no difference, so far as he, sne, or it is concerned, whether the world is 5 feet or 25,000 miles in diameter, for something tells him, her, or it that he, she, or it is provided for. If there is one scintilla of sense in this rotund mass of avoirdupois, it is a rearotund mass of avoirdupois, it is a realization of absolute supremacy, and a belief that the whole population is at his, her, or its beck and call. It is thus he, she, or it goeth forth, with his, her, or its mother on the threshold, and the father humbly bringing up the rear, while the cook, forgetful of baking cakes, rends the surrounding atmosphere with her wild huzzas.

For the avoidance of grammatical intricacies and labyrinthian complications in personal pronouns, we will suppose at the outset that the much-adored tootsy-wootsy is a boy, and then start him upon his initial tour around the world, or, rather that limited portion he will traverse on this memorable first journey. Not till the dusky nurse and the gauzy veil have disappeared from view, will the fond mother depart from the gate, and not till then will the humble father dare assert himself. As the brand-new citizen proceeds in

mammy and ask whose baby it is that thus triumphantly goeth forth, with a beslobbered veil and garments of purple and fine linea. When they are told a flutter of excitement darts throughout their houses and the little pilgrim is snatched up and an inventory of its person made. He will be thumbed and thumped like a Jackson watermeion, and were it practicable he would likewise be plugged. His scalp and his feet are examined, as are also the dimply legs and the starchy throat and the mushy hands and the fuzzy skull. Then the ciothing of life's little pilgrim are subjected to a microscopic ipspection and jected to a microscopic inspection and their cost calculated. Last, but by no means least, the future consumer of soothing syrup is compared to the baby in their own homes and found wanting in their own nomes and found wanting in every possible respect. It will be hinted that he is short in weight and measurements; that he threatens to be cross-eyed, and has symptoms of prospective bow-leggedness; that he is an ugly likeness of his father and has his mother's his mouth-in short, that he's mother's big mouth-in short, that he' no good, any way you take him, and not fitting to trot in the same class with not fitting to trot in the same class with their youngster. And all the while, the goggle-eyed, nappy-headed, slew-footed colored nurse is mentally taking a stenographic report of the criticisms and storing them up to be told upon the new baby's return to its expectant domicile. Those who comment adversely on the lacteal glutton are sweetly unconscious of this Afro-American's gigantic memory and they think they have shrewdily and they think they have shrewdly covered up their tracks when they send word to the loving mother that the infant

is the finest they have ever seen, and that they would like, above all things, Thus the squshy, slumbering, slobbering squinter makes the rounds, serenely unconscious and sublimely still. At the threshhold he is met by mother, and the nurse is called upon to transcribe the mental stenographic notes which she has taken. And as she submits her verbatim reports, the young parent sniffs and snorts and paws the ground and flashes lightnings from her eyes and twists her handkerchief around thumb and exclaims: "Who cares for their opinion, anyhow; if my baby weren't better than their measly, little old thing, I'd drown him like a kitten."
And then, brimful and frothing over
with indignation, the young mother prepares to have a 5-o'clock tea, to which she fails to invite the neighbors who have commented on her precious off-

Blest be the maid who plays and sings and is willing to show her accomplishments at evening entertainments, when the company are sleepy and noise is the only thing that can arouse them. Thrice blest be she who promptly accedes to such requests, and has not to be prized upon from her place of mooring with a crowbar, like the Confederate war-horse when called to battle. Sanctified and holy be she who consents to sing a second song without beseechings on bended kneed and notwithstanding the absence of her indispensable "notes." We ask her not to be a Patti nor yet a Paderewski, and, rejoicing in her sweet acquiescence, we are grateful for her poorest effort. After all, it is the individuality of the girl that we admire, and whatever her musical defects, we love her for her willingness to please. If we are drowsy, we are willing to arouse ourselves and to lavish all honors on her, for such a girl is dear and has a heart that's located in the right place. And ten to one the sweet-ness of that girl's character is evidenced in her voice. If she is young and no-body's looking, I want to kiss her next summer when I send my people to the

And what tribute can we pay to the mute mocking-bird that can neither be coaxed nor bulldozed into song, because forsooth, she'll strain her voice, or her music isn't with her, or the plane is out of tune. Let us give her a kit with all the musical necessaries, and lay down our coats for her to tread on, if only she consents to please us. Give me your female Frank Cunninghams, with voices pro bono publico and capacious hearts that include us all and win us with their irresistible kindness. Robert Epps, "of color," as the darkles

express it, barely missed being a great man, but a miss is as good as a mile,

and for the next six months he will be a member of that delightful personnel that tarries at the City Jail. He has a go education and an oily address, and is past grand master in the occult science of mendacity. Years ago, when he was of mendacity. Years ago, when he was somewhere in the neighborhood 19, he decided to select the law as his profes-sion, and becoming a disciple of Giles B. Jackson, he lay for weeks at the feet Jackson, he lay for weeks at the feet of that great jurist and heard the words of wisdom which fell from the aforesaid Jackson's lips. On evenings mild, when the outer world was frittering away its time in idle frivolities, Robert Epps was drinking-nay, swilling-from the Jack-sonian fountain of knowledge. The sub-tle distinctions between remainders and reversions were elucidated to his recep-tive ears, and he soon learned to handle corpus delitis and absque hocs with an easy grace that was simply charming. Great was the love of the teacher for his pupil, and sublime was the admira-tion of the pupil for his great preceptor. But, alas! even admiration can overstep its mark, and the end came. One sad day, when Giles had carefully wiped his pens on his curling locks and retired to the bosom of his multifarious and ever-multiplying family, Robert was seized with the lust of imitation, and grasping with the lust of imitation, and grasping the carefully-wiped pens above alluded to, he produced a splendid imitation of Glies's signature at the bottom of a check for ten pieces of silver. So splendid was the work that the genial preceptor was slow to realize the fraud, but quick to miss the silver. When it all dawned upon him, Glies arose in a cloud of thunderous wrath. In stern tones he stimly derous wrath. In stern tones he grimly exclaimed: "In hoe signo vinces," which being interpreted to the imitative pupil, signified: "By my invincible signet ring I'll put you in hock." And Robert "did three years" in stripes and had RE-morse with every letter in blazing caps.

When he came forth from the prison walls he selected another noble profes-sion, and in some way he drifted to the sion, and in some way he dritted to the composing-rooms of newspaper offices and went North, wore good clothes, and acquired more oil of address and catchi-ness of manner. Lately, he was with us ness of manner. Lately, he was with us again and there was starch in his shirt and a glitter on his laundered collar. To me, as the universal comforter, he came, and buiging with contrition, he begged me to prepare an application for his restoration to citizenship. With burning words of repentence, he brought tears to my eyes, and, wishing to give him another chance at reformation, I drafted the petition for the removal of his politi-cal disabilities. The signatures necessary were easily obtainable by him, he sald, and I almost suspected that he would have the endorsement of the President and Cabinet. But ere the matter was ended, Robert was again in the pen. tacles and a doctor's case of surgical instruments, and was once more in durance vile. Six months was his re-ward. Robert is not only a forger, bu a thief, and not only a forger and thief but also a nineteenth-century Ananias Some years since when he was at the the commencements, the recipient of medal presented by "admiring friends etc. Subsequent investigation showed that he himself was the "admiring friends," as the medal had been made friends," as the medal had been made at his own expense and suggestion. Education with Robert is a good thingto enable one to commit crimes with facility. When I lent him half an hour of my time to assist him in regaining the paths of rectitude, he forgot to detail many of the incidents above alluded to. In other words, he tooled me; but there are others. His pockets bulged with letters of recommendation. It is such men as these who sirew thorns along the pathway of our Jean Valjeans and make us niggardly with our Christian charity.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

Powder, 3c.—
Large can Large can dense can be supported to the support of th

triumph, the neighbors, knowing in-stinctively that he has never voted in their precinct before, hall the ebon-mammy and ask whose baby it is that HEADQUARTERS FOR Low Prices and Best Quality GROCERIES AT S. ULLMAN'S SON'S THIS WEEK. Money Savers.

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